

MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR THE FAT FARM

"you know," my six-year-old daughter
tells me, quite solemnly,
"you're very lucky that my mommy married you."

"why's that?" i ask.

"because if she hadn't you probably wouldn't
have been able to get anyone else to marry you."

"why not?"

"well," she says, "you must know
that there are a lot of men who look
a lot better than you do."

that's undeniable, so i try, "do you think
people only care about what other people
look like?"

"no," she muses, "not all of them,
but some of them do."

then, however, she finds a silver
lining: "at least you're nice
and you're funny."

that's good enough for me
and twice as much as i deserve,

but, you know, i always thought all kids
thought that their parents were the most
beautiful man and woman in the world.

UNDER ROBIN'S HOOD

when i lock my car up in the parking lot
of the resort hotel that is hosting the jazz concert,

my daughter wonders who among these wealthy owners
of cadillacs and ferraris
would want to break into my lowly toyota wagon.

what i tell her is,
"these people got rich by stealing from the poor --

why should i assume they won't
have a relapse?"